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NOW I KNOW

JULIUS SCHWARTZ

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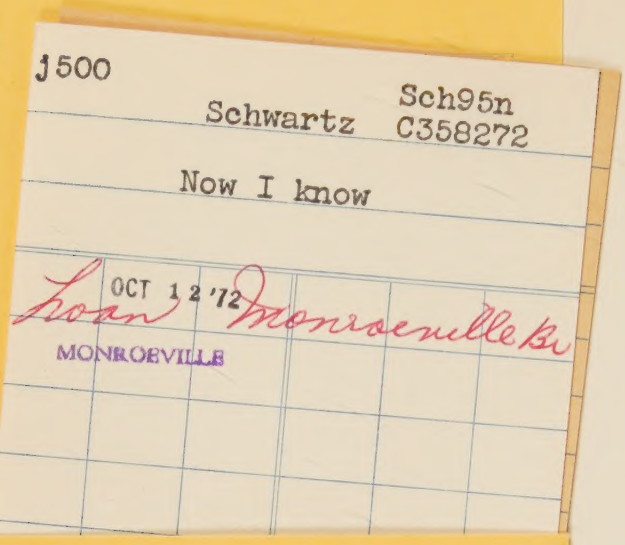
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Now I Know

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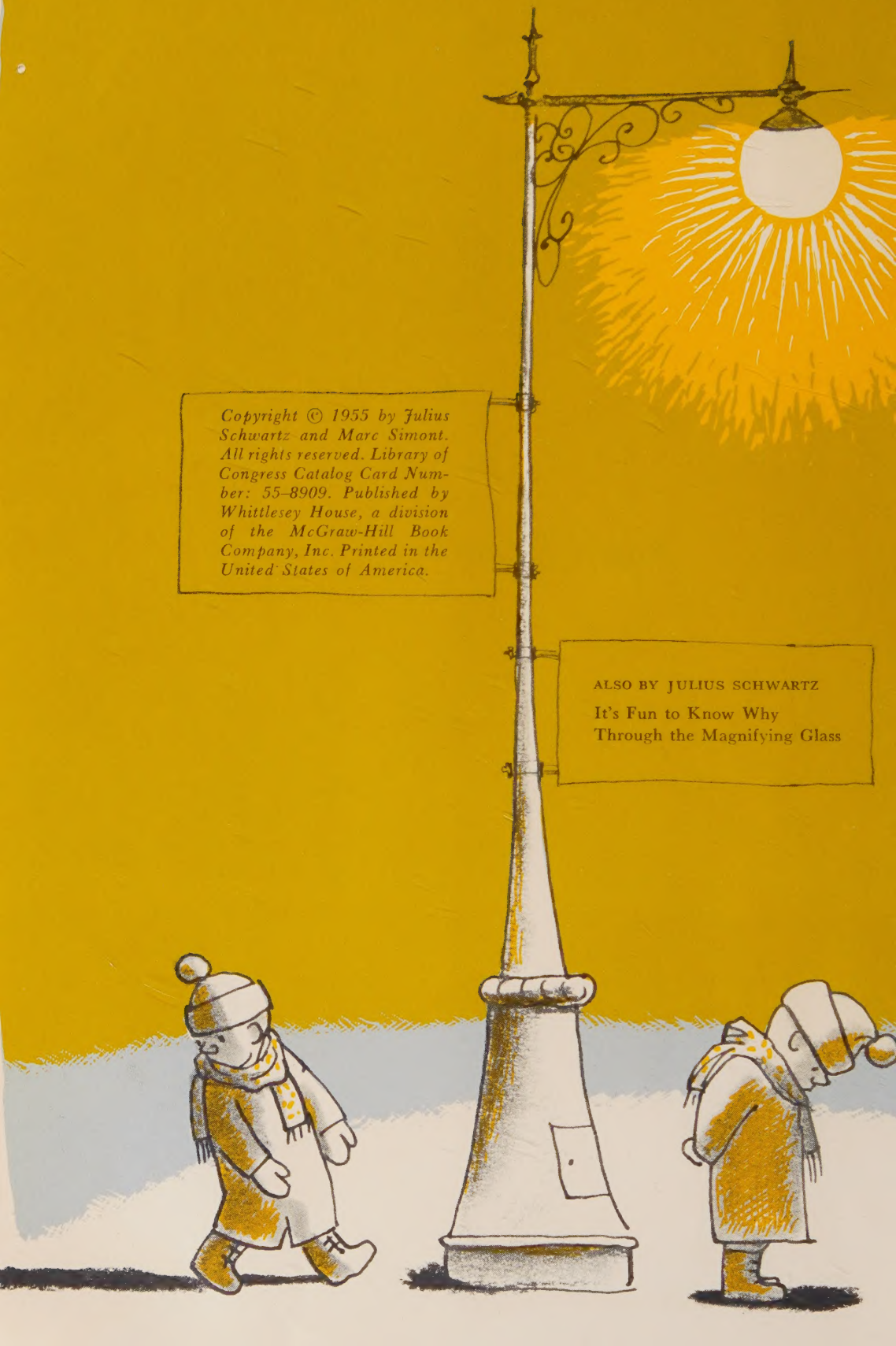
ALSO BY JULIUS SCHWARTZ

It's Fun to Know Why
Through the Magnifying Glass



NOW I KNOW

y JULIUS SCHWARTZ
ictures by MARC SIMONT

Whittlesey House
McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.
New York Toronto London

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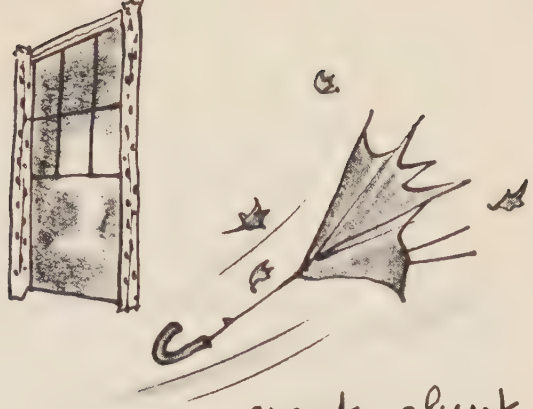
NOW I KNOW

about
The lamp outside my window,
Wind,
and
The sounds in my house.



creak clunk
crack shush
gurgle buzz
grunt thump
click Aba-
clack daba-
clink jaba.

NOW I KNOW

about
Rain,
The shakes,
and
Thunder and lightning.

NOW I KNOW

about
Shadows,
Darkness,
and
Dreams.

NOW I KNOW

about all these things.
And this is how
I know. . . .

CO. SCHOOLS

The Lamp Outside My Window

When nighttime comes
I turn my table lamp on.
Its warm yellow light
makes everything bright.

But sometimes
through the windowpane
I see another lamp
out there in the darkness,
just like mine!

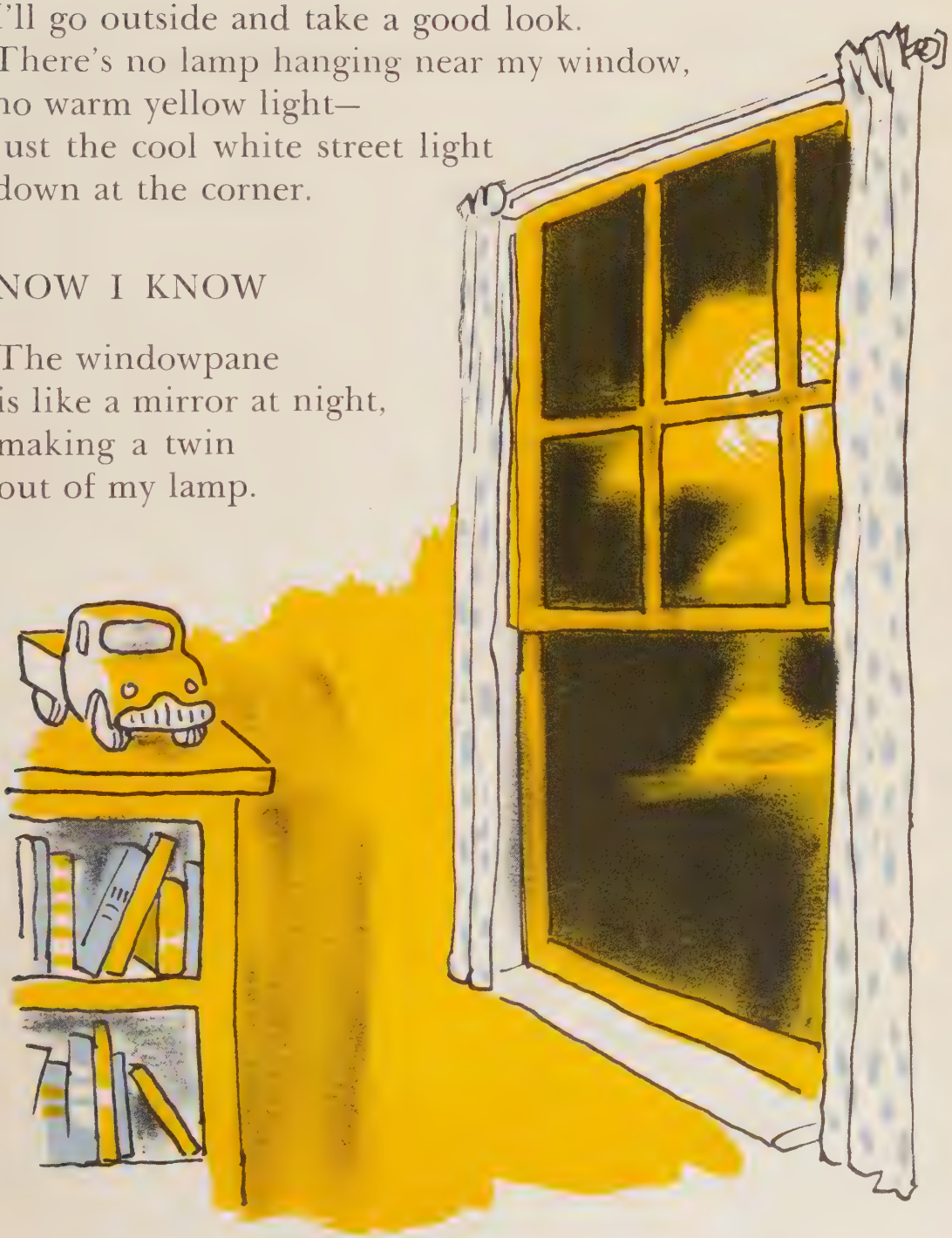
Is there really a lamp out there?

I'll switch my lamp off—
and presto!
The outside lamp goes out too.
I'll switch it on again,
and the one out there shines once more.

I'll go outside and take a good look.
There's no lamp hanging near my window,
no warm yellow light—
just the cool white street light
down at the corner.

NOW I KNOW

The windowpane
is like a mirror at night,
making a twin
out of my lamp.



Wind

M-m-m-m I hear the wind hum.
Moar moar moar I hear the wind roar.
M-moan m-moan I hear the wind moan.
Whee-e-e I hear the wind whistle.

How does wind hum and roar?
How does wind moan and whistle?

I'll make a little breeze of my own.
I'll squeeze my lips and blow.
The air comes out softly.
But if I blow into my cupped hands,
the way I do when they're cold,
I hear an oh oh oh.

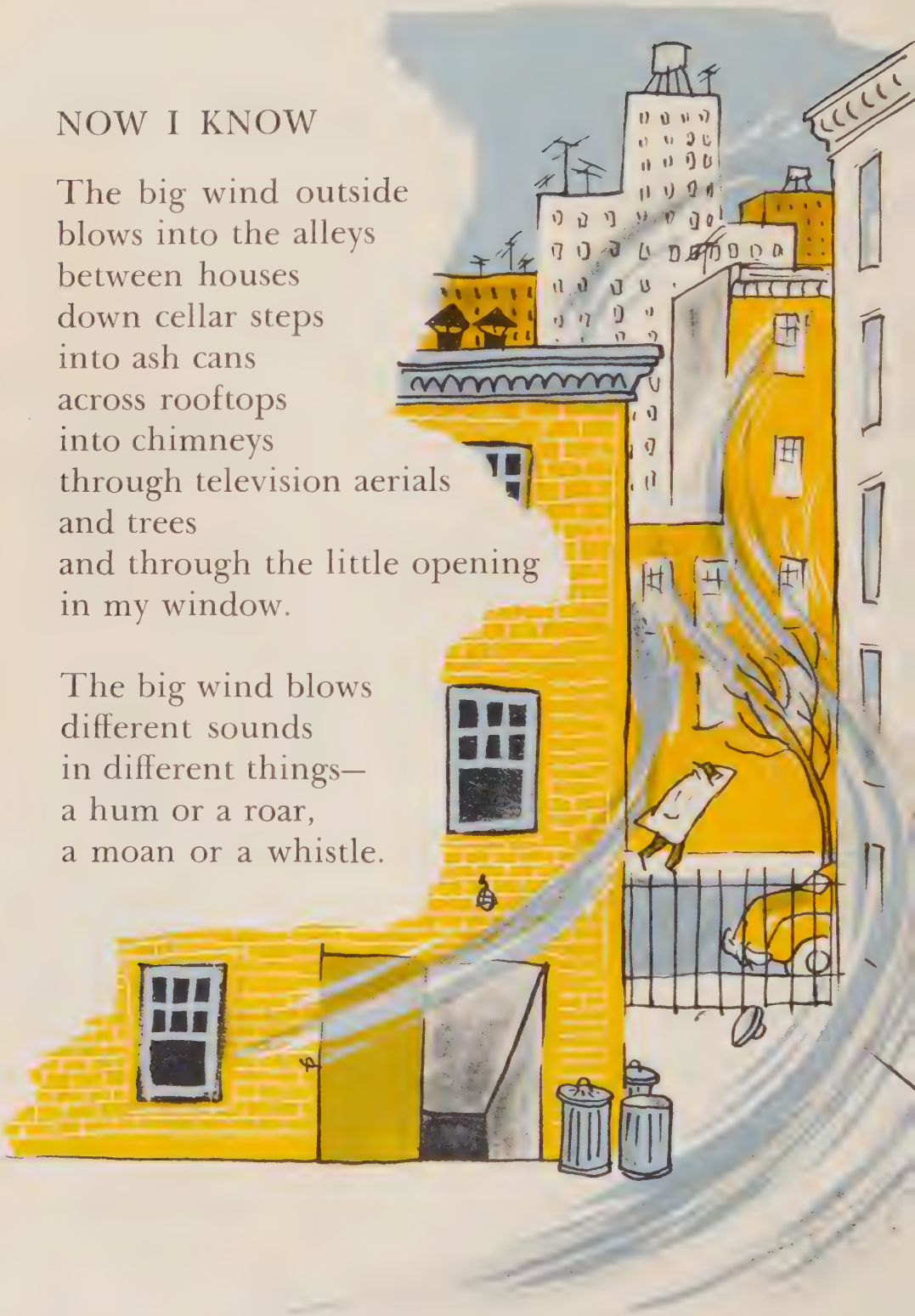
And if I blow into an empty soda bottle,
I hear it roar roar roar.
If I blow on a sheet of paper
from the end,
it shakes and makes a sound like this—
whis whis whis.
And when I blow into my whistle,
it goes whee whee whee-e-e.

Oh oh from my hands,
roar roar from the bottle,
whis whis from the paper,
whee whee from the whistle.
Different sounds
from different things.

NOW I KNOW

The big wind outside
blows into the alleys
between houses
down cellar steps
into ash cans
across rooftops
into chimneys
through television aerials
and trees
and through the little opening
in my window.

The big wind blows
different sounds
in different things—
a hum or a roar,
a moan or a whistle.



The Sounds in My House

When it's good night
for *me*, when my lights are out
and my door is closed,
I listen for sounds in the house.

Creaks and cracks,
gurgles and grunts,
clicks and clacks,
clinks and clunks,
and a shush shush shush.

What makes all these sounds?

I'll find out tomorrow.
I'll watch all day long
when I'm up and around.
And every time
I hear a sound,
I'll look
to see what made it
and who made it.
I'll watch all the sounds!

NOW I KNOW

When I listen at night,
each sound tells me something.
Creak, creak goes the floor
when Mother walks right by my door.
Clink, clink, dishes in the sink.
Click—there goes the bathroom switch.
Gurgle, gurgle, water down the drain.
Buzz, buzz, buzz, Dad's shaving again.

Thump thump thump—
the man upstairs is walking.
Aba daba jaba—
the lady there is talking.

Shush shush shush,
says the steam
from my whispering radiator.

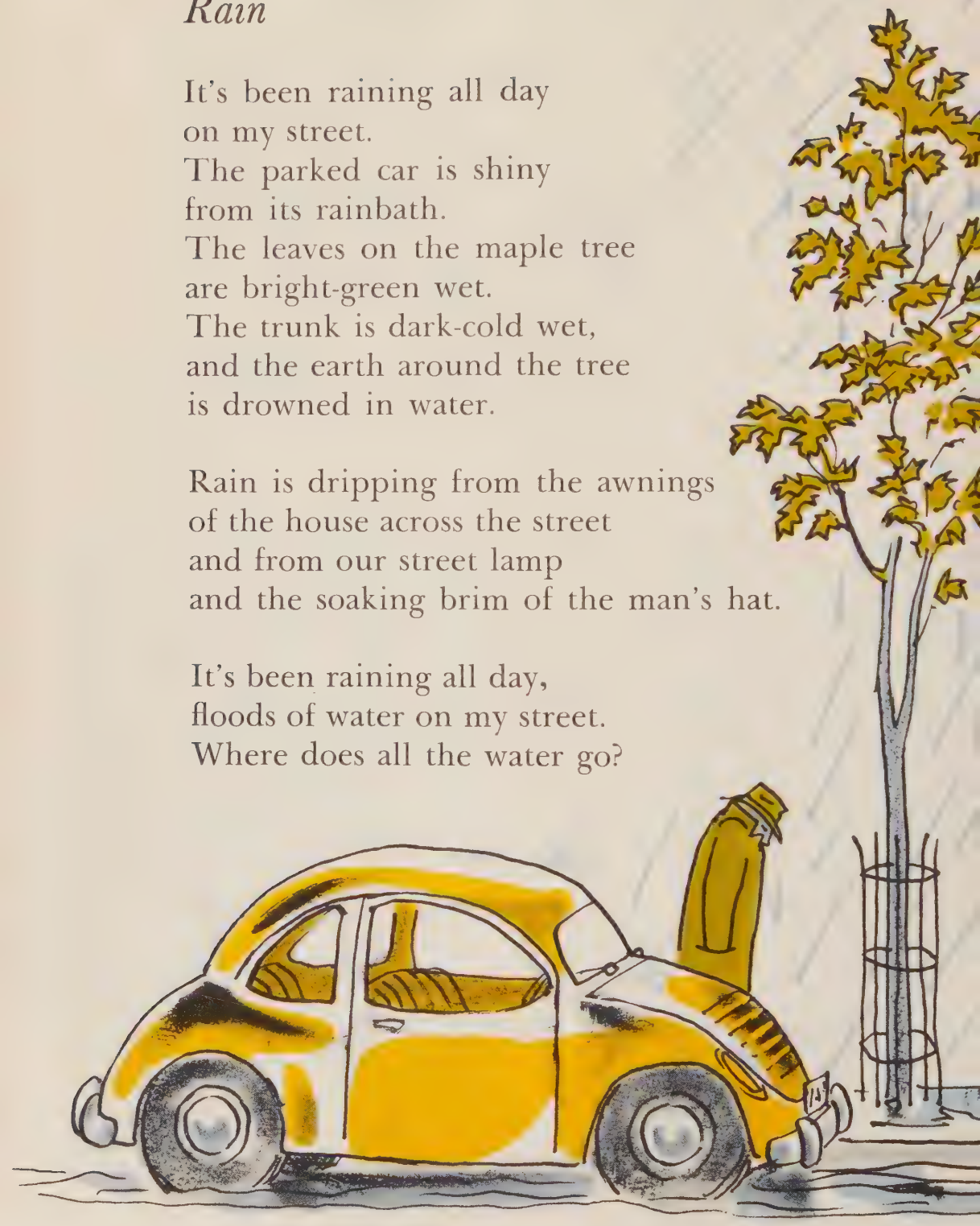
When it's good night,
when the lights are out,
I listen for sounds in the dark.
And I know
everything that's happening
in my house.
I know what each sound means.

Rain

It's been raining all day
on my street.
The parked car is shiny
from its rainbath.
The leaves on the maple tree
are bright-green wet.
The trunk is dark-cold wet,
and the earth around the tree
is drowned in water.

Rain is dripping from the awnings
of the house across the street
and from our street lamp
and the soaking brim of the man's hat.

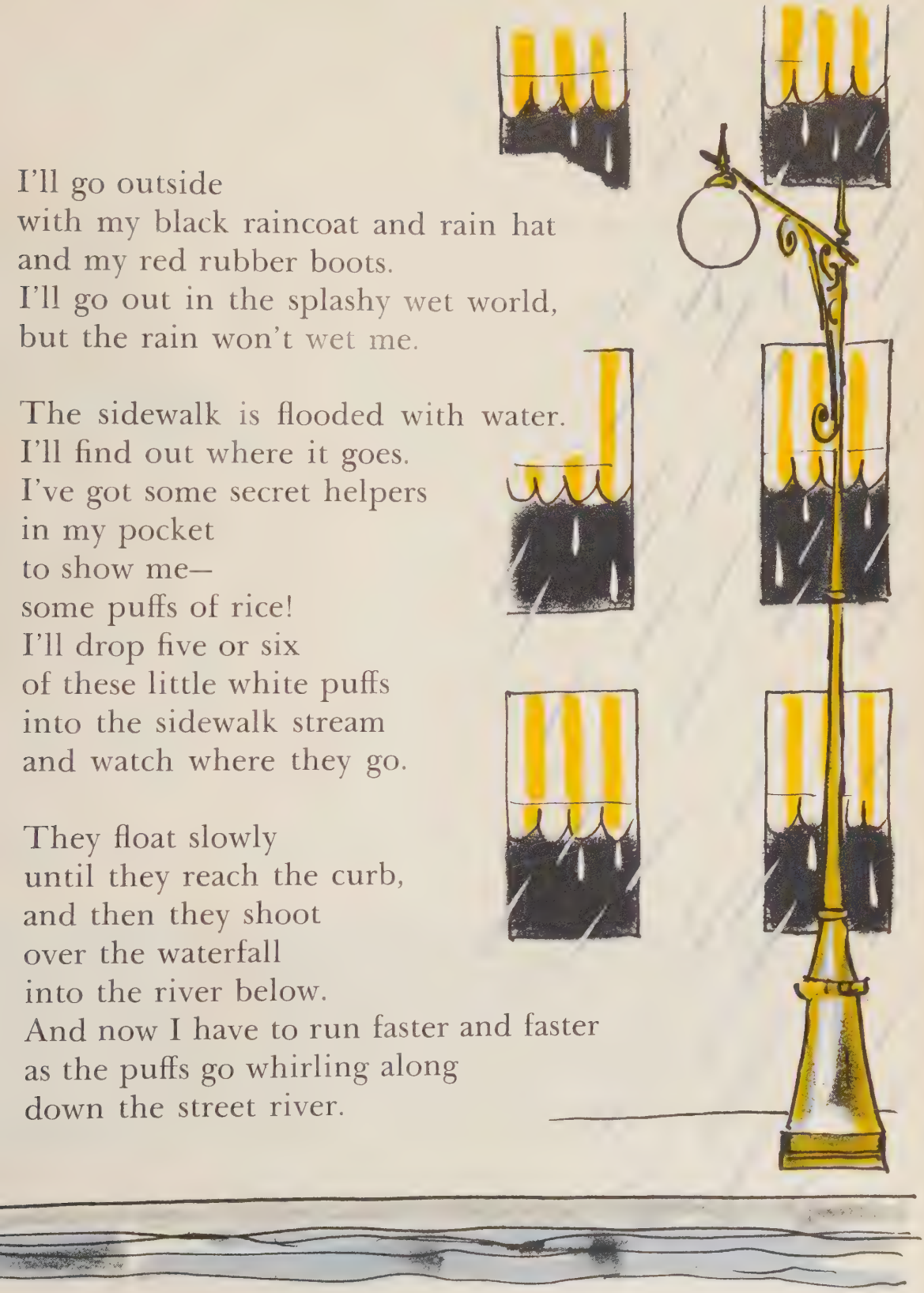
It's been raining all day,
floods of water on my street.
Where does all the water go?



I'll go outside
with my black raincoat and rain hat
and my red rubber boots.
I'll go out in the splashy wet world,
but the rain won't wet me.

The sidewalk is flooded with water.
I'll find out where it goes.
I've got some secret helpers
in my pocket
to show me—
some puffs of rice!
I'll drop five or six
of these little white puffs
into the sidewalk stream
and watch where they go.

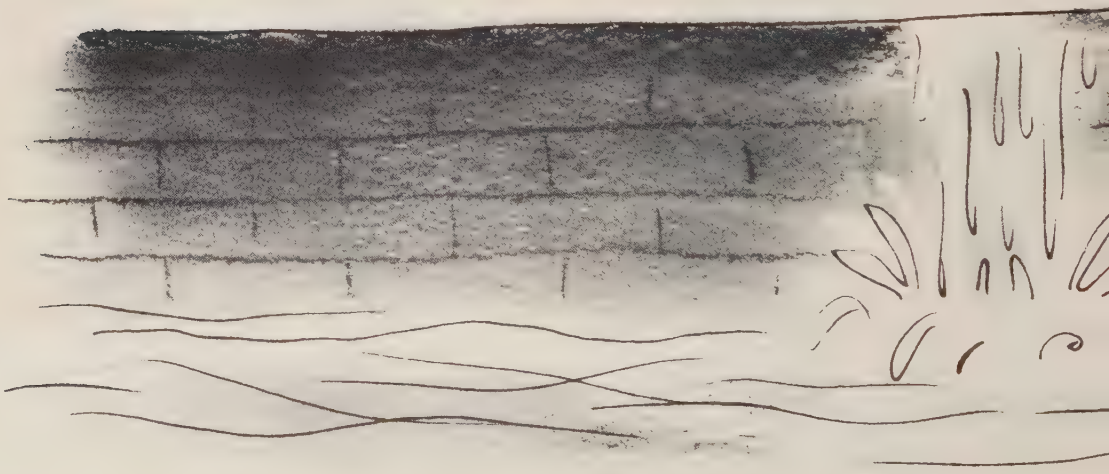
They float slowly
until they reach the curb,
and then they shoot
over the waterfall
into the river below.
And now I have to run faster and faster
as the puffs go whirling along
down the street river.



Around a pile of stones,
faster and faster and faster,
and then—
at the corner
through the bars—
they drop to the bigger river
in the sewer under our street.
Good-by, you puffs of rice!

NOW I KNOW

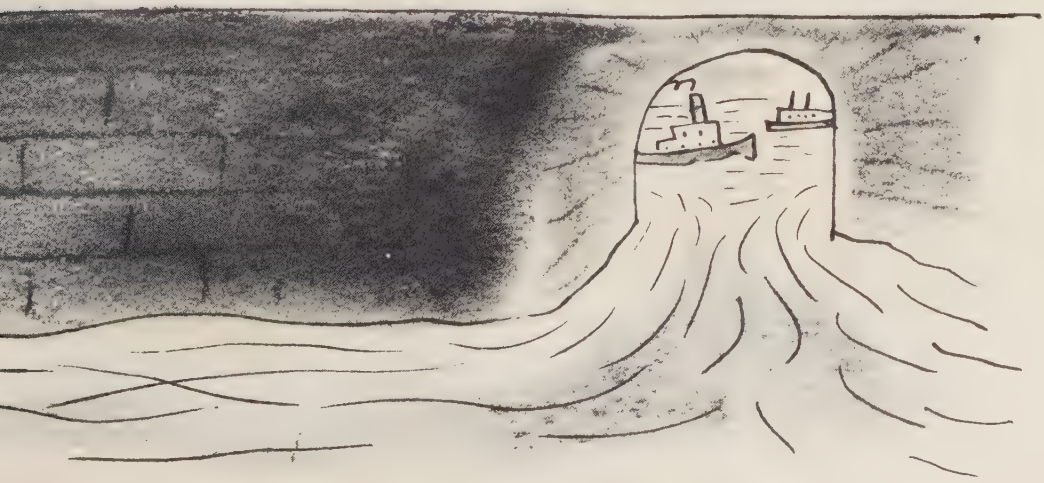
where rain water goes.
The tiny drops from the sky
and the drips from leaves
and awnings and parked cars
from street lamps and hat brims
go down down down—



down from sidewalk streams
into gutter rivers,
down the gutter rivers
to the bigger sewer river
that runs under our street.

And though I couldn't go,
I know
that the sewer rivers
pour into the big wide river
that runs past our city
into the ocean
where all rivers meet.

Rain water falls and drips and slides
down down down
from little trickles to fast rivers,
from rivers to the wide deep ocean.

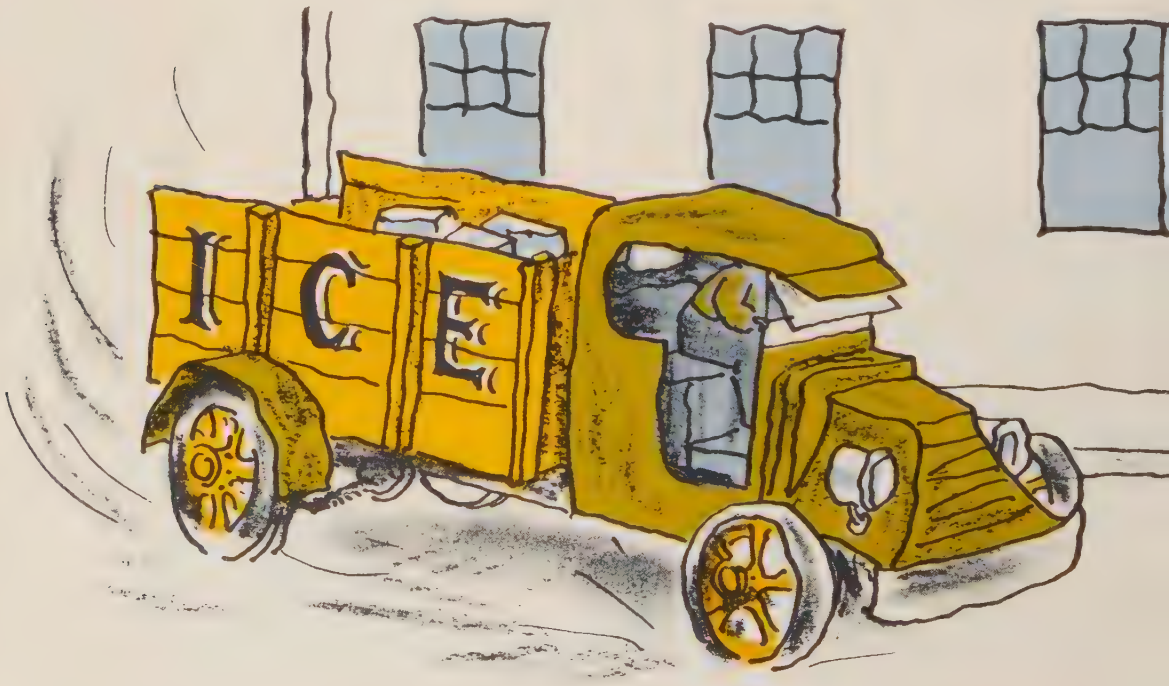


The Shakes

Sometimes my floor begins to shake.
The windows start to rattle.
My blocks begin to dance around,
and some on top come tumbling down.

I run to my window and I see
a truck that's banging down the street,
a truck that's bouncing up and down.
Is that what's bouncing me?

I'll do some banging of my own.
I'll bang upon my drum.
But first I'll drop some rice puffs there
to make it lots of fun.



And when I drum,
the little puffs
begin to dance around.
Some go hopping here and there.
Some fly into space.

NOW I KNOW

The truck that bangs
is shaking the street
and the ground beneath.
The ground shakes the house
and the floors and walls.
The floor shakes my blocks
and me.

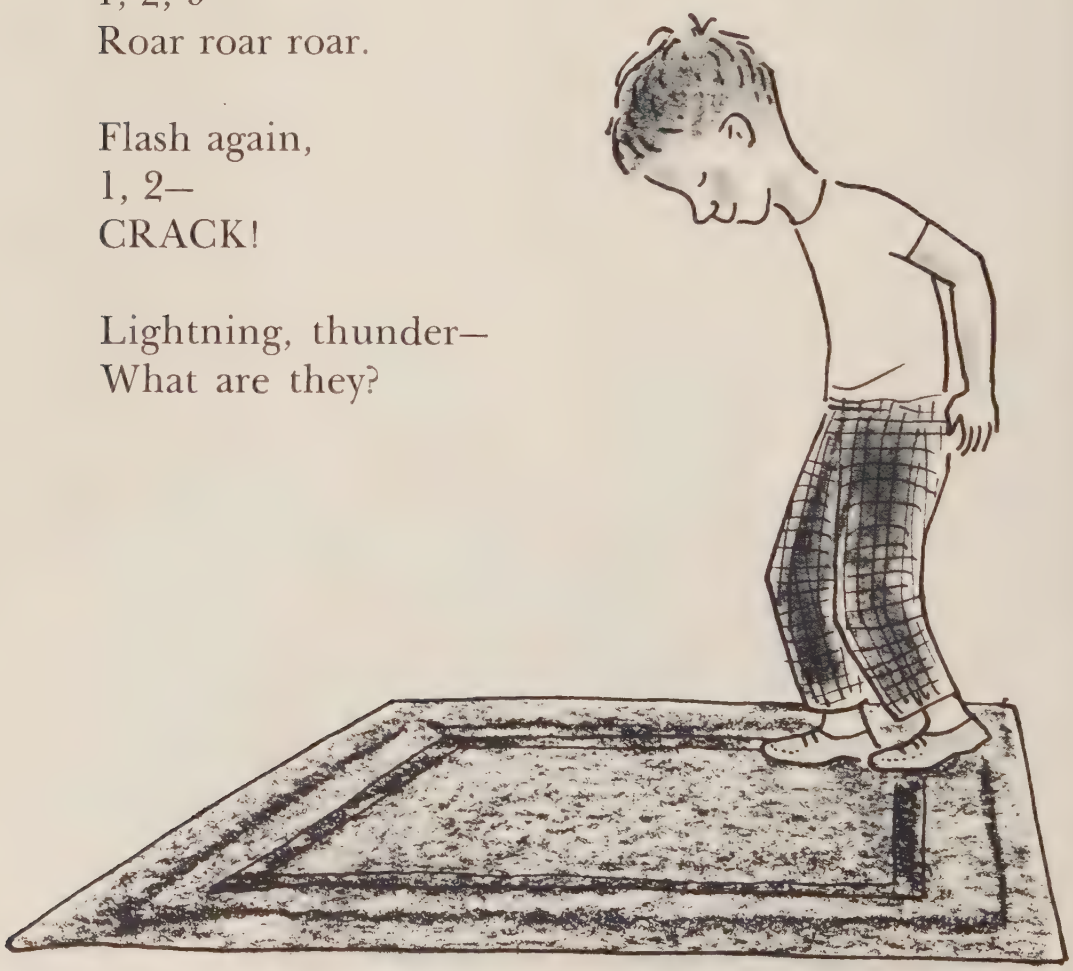
Thunder and Lightning

A bright flash,
and then I count:
1, 2, 3, 4–
Rumble rumble rumble.

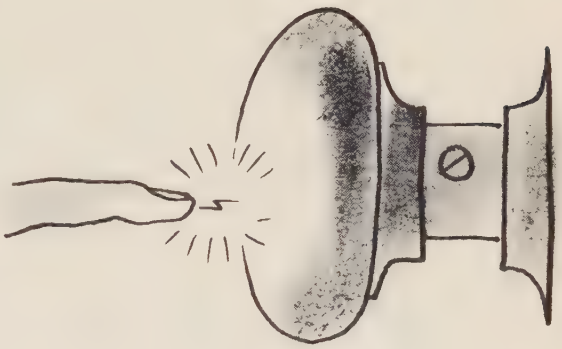
Flash once more,
1, 2, 3–
Roar roar roar.

Flash again,
1, 2–
CRACK!

Lightning, thunder–
What are they?



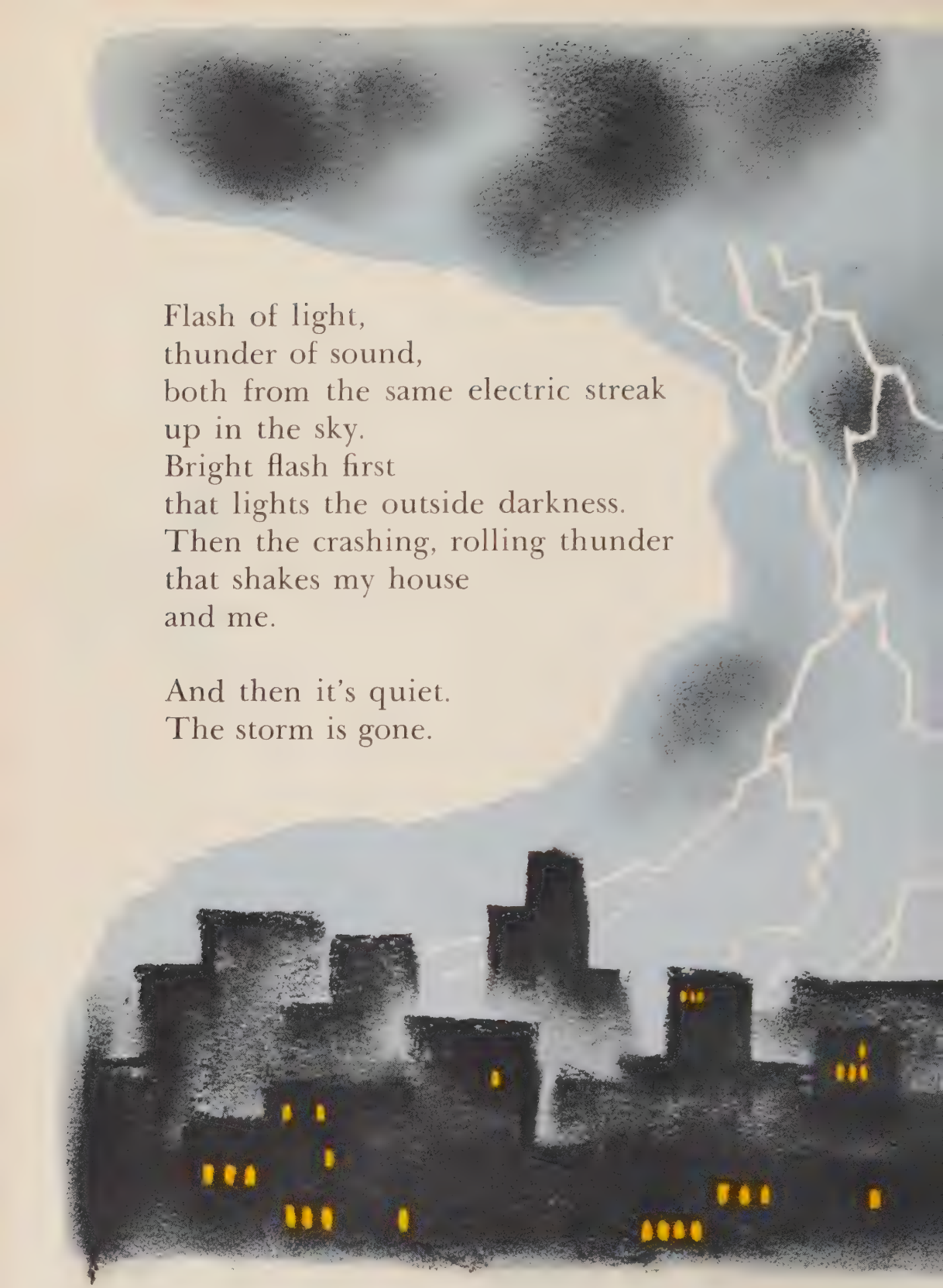
I can make a tiny lightning storm
when I shuffle my shoes
through a deep plushy carpet
and touch my fingertip
to a doorknob—
Ouch!
I get a little stinging shock—
an electric shock—
and I hear a tiny tweak.



NOW I KNOW

Lightning is an electric flash
across the sky—
like the electric spark
that jumped from my fingertip to the doorknob,
only a billion times as strong.

And the thunder is the sound it makes—
like the tiny tweak,
but a billion billion times as loud.

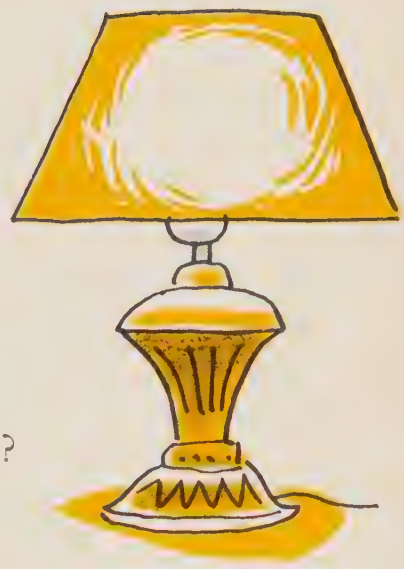


Flash of light,
thunder of sound,
both from the same electric streak
up in the sky.
Bright flash first
that lights the outside darkness.
Then the crashing, rolling thunder
that shakes my house
and me.

And then it's quiet.
The storm is gone.

Shadows

Sometimes, in winter, when I'm out
and it is dark on our street,
I see my shadow walk with me
connected to my feet.



It is short,
then it is tall—
or not much at all.

It marches ahead
or follows behind.

Why does my shadow change so much?

I'll go inside
and watch the little shadow of my cowboy
when he's riding his horse
near my lighted yellow lamp.

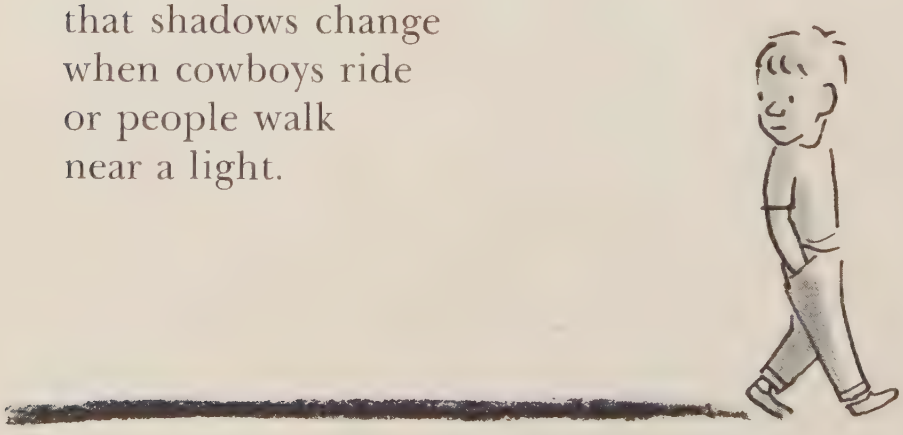
The shadow is long
when he's far from the lamp.
But when he comes galloping closer,
it shortens and shortens
until
it's just a little black spot underneath.

And when he rides away,
the black spot grows
into a long shadow again.

The shadow changes—
not my cowboy,
not his horse,
just the shadow.

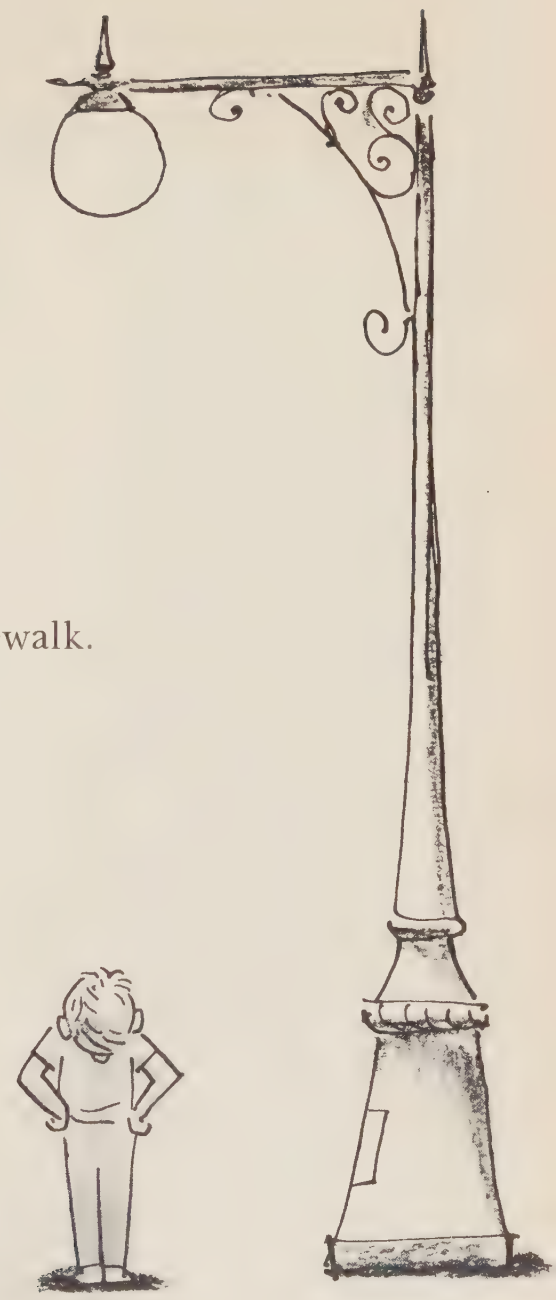
NOW I KNOW

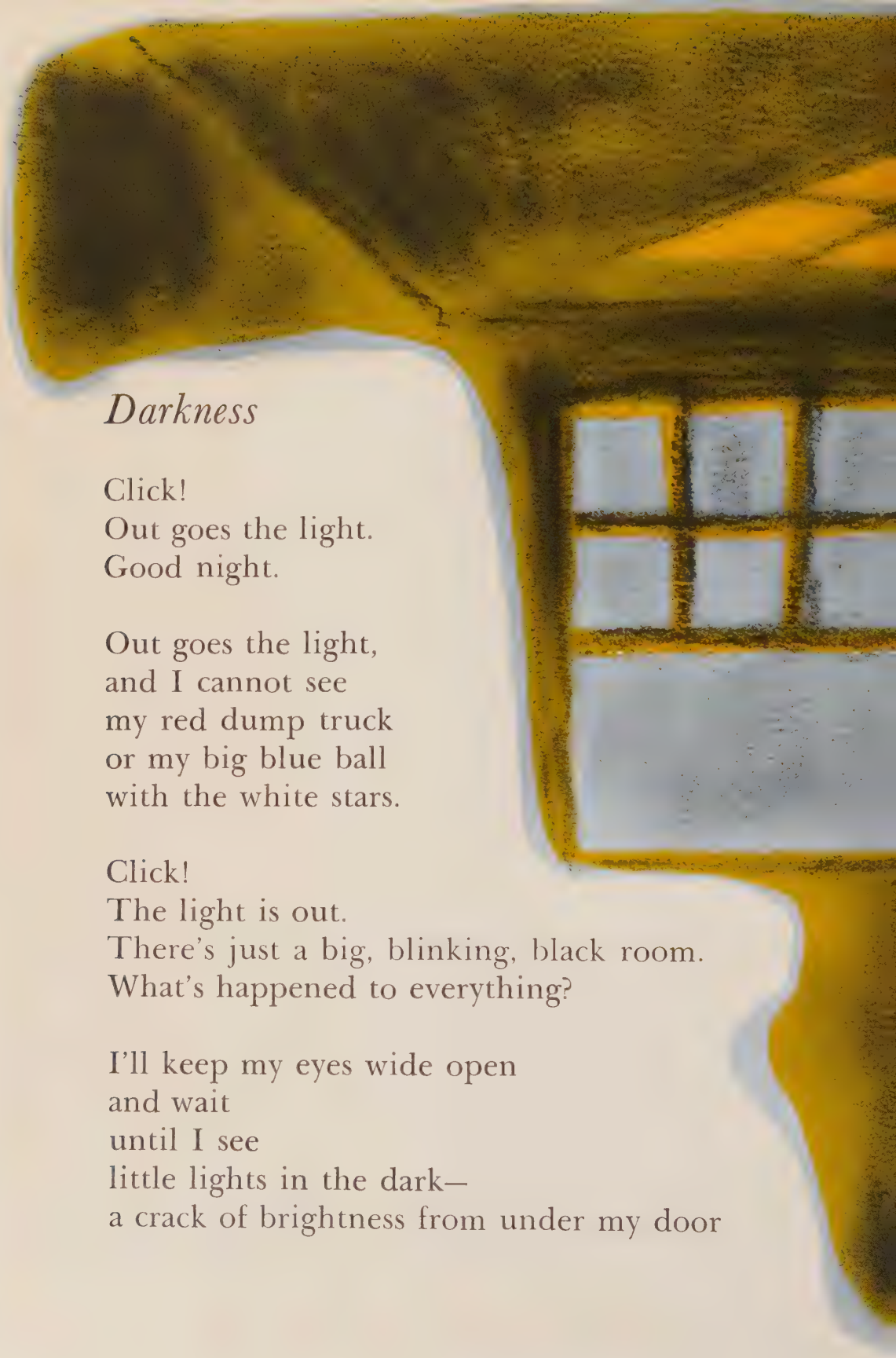
that shadows change
when cowboys ride
or people walk
near a light.



The next time I go out at night
I'll watch my shadow carefully.
When I'm walking up
to the cool white light
of the street lamp,
I peek over my shoulder
to see my shadow follow me—
getting shorter and shorter.

And when I pass the light,
my shadow slides out in front,
growing longer and dimmer,
longer and dimmer,
until it spreads all over the sidewalk.
I can hardly see it at all.
I'm glad it's my shadow,
not me.





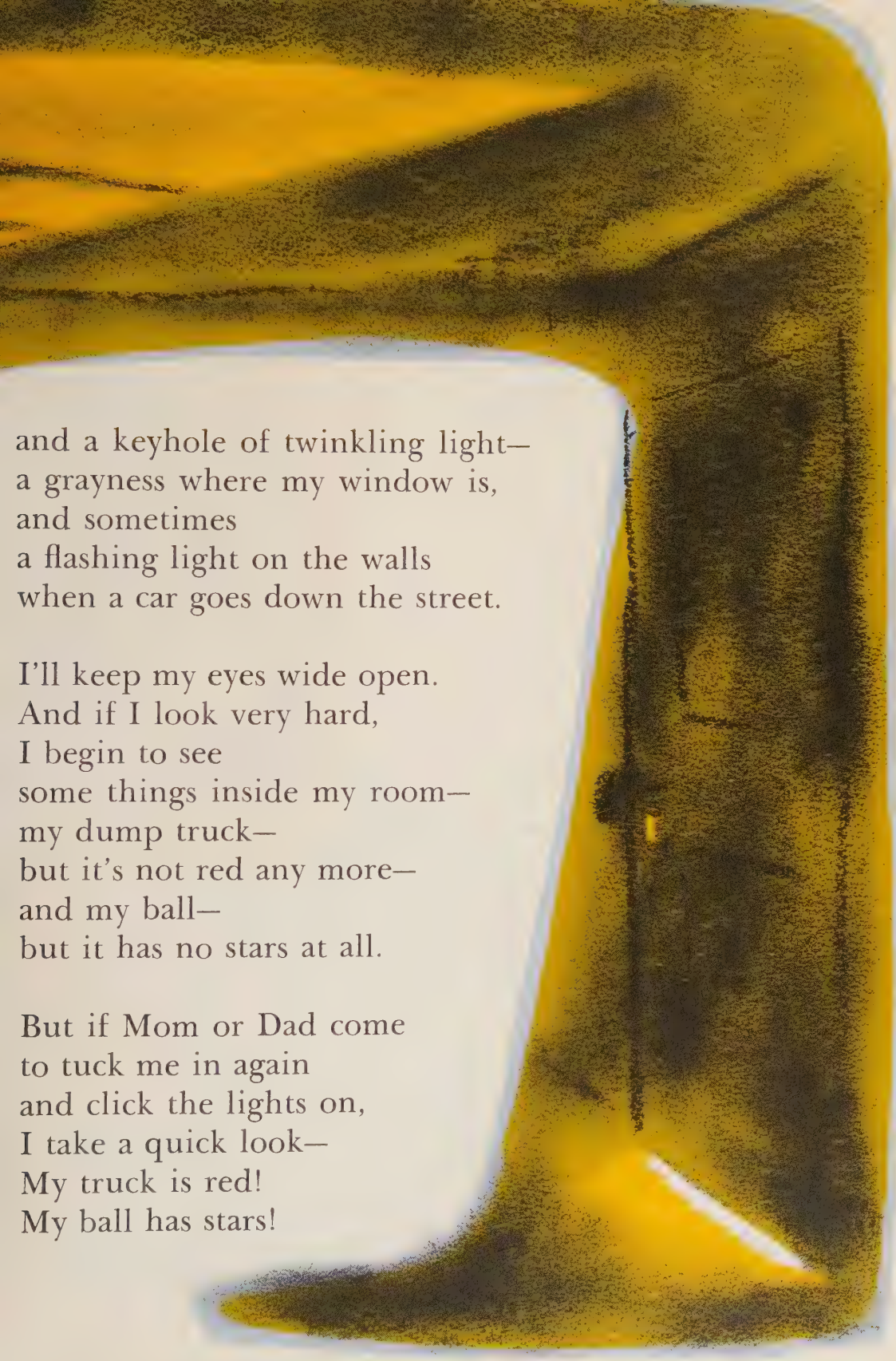
Darkness

Click!
Out goes the light.
Good night.

Out goes the light,
and I cannot see
my red dump truck
or my big blue ball
with the white stars.

Click!
The light is out.
There's just a big, blinking, black room.
What's happened to everything?

I'll keep my eyes wide open
and wait
until I see
little lights in the dark—
a crack of brightness from under my door



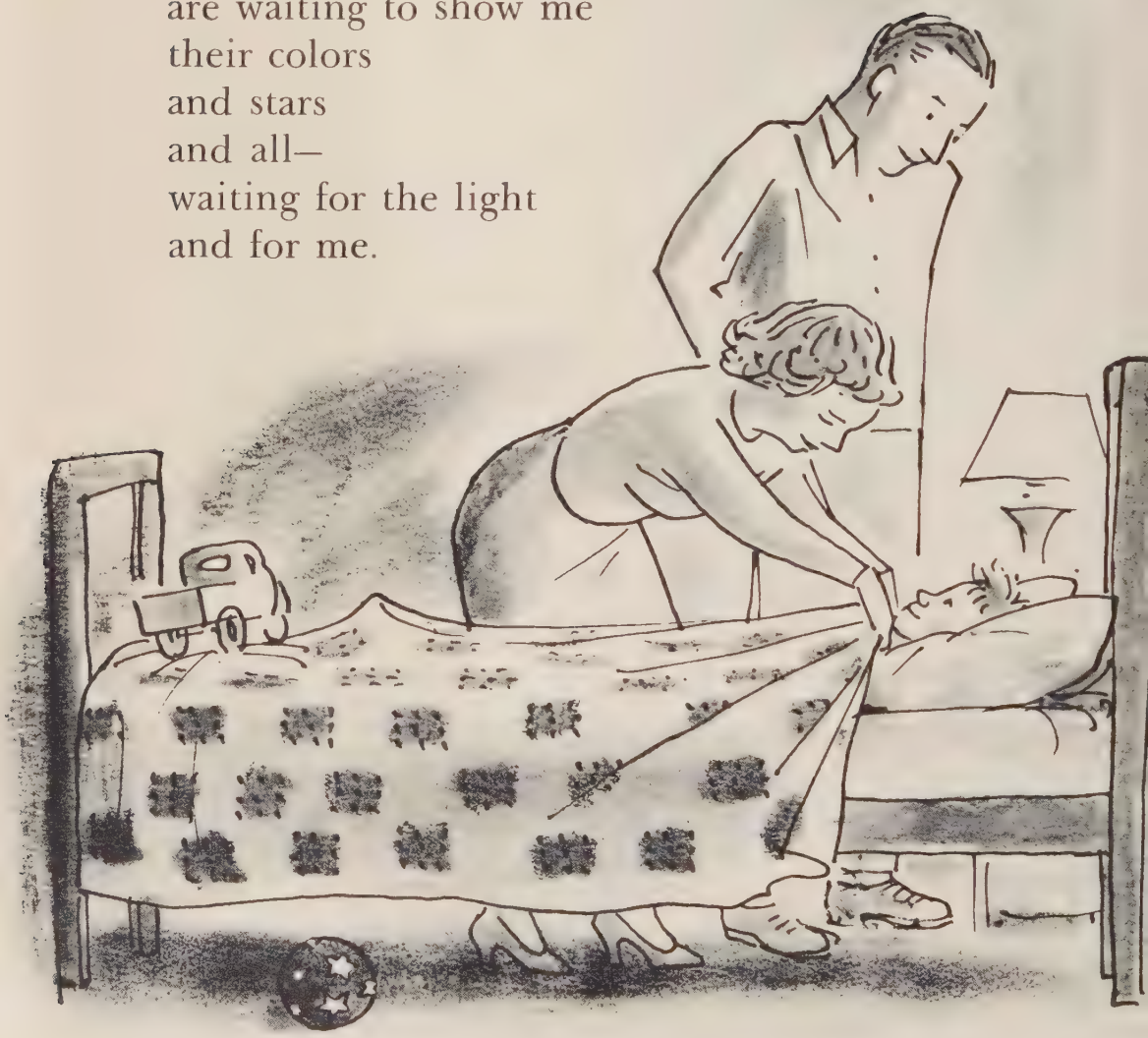
and a keyhole of twinkling light—
a grayness where my window is,
and sometimes
a flashing light on the walls
when a car goes down the street.

I'll keep my eyes wide open.
And if I look very hard,
I begin to see
some things inside my room—
my dump truck—
but it's not red any more—
and my ball—
but it has no stars at all.

But if Mom or Dad come
to tuck me in again
and click the lights on,
I take a quick look—
My truck is red!
My ball has stars!

NOW I KNOW

When it's dark at night,
my truck and ball
and everything
are waiting to show me
their colors
and stars
and all—
waiting for the light
and for me.



Dreams

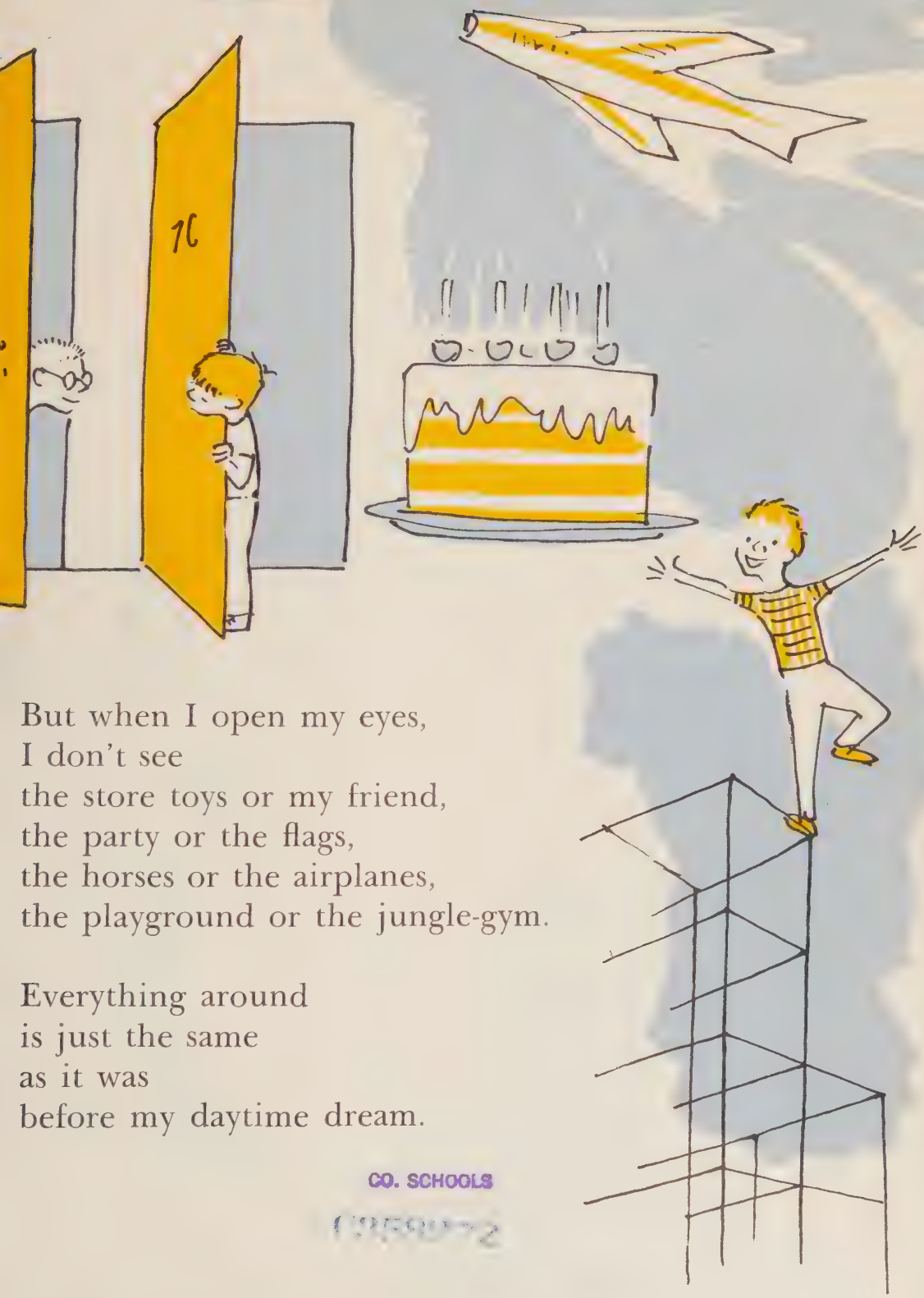
Sometimes,
when I wake from sleep,
I remember
that I've had a dream
about people
and places
and all kinds of strange happenings.

But mostly
I forget
just what I dreamed about.

What's a dream?

I can make believe I'm dreaming
if I shut my eyes
and think.

I can think
of the toys I've seen in the store window
or my friend who lives next door.
I can think of a wonderful birthday party
or flags in a parade.
I can think of galloping horses
or airplanes in the sky.
I can think I'm skipping across the playground
or climbing to the top of the jungle-gym.
Almost anything can happen in my make-believe dre



But when I open my eyes,
I don't see
the store toys or my friend,
the party or the flags,
the horses or the airplanes,
the playground or the jungle-gym.

Everything around
is just the same
as it was
before my daytime dream.

CO. SCHOOLS

NOW I KNOW

Dreaming
is like thinking with my eyes closed,
only a little bit stranger.
Dreaming
is thinking when I'm asleep.
And when I wake up,
I remember
a little or a lot—
but the dream is gone.
And the things around my room,
and Mom and Dad,
are just the same.

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